

# ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE



JULY, 1908

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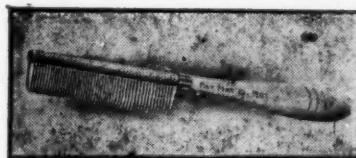
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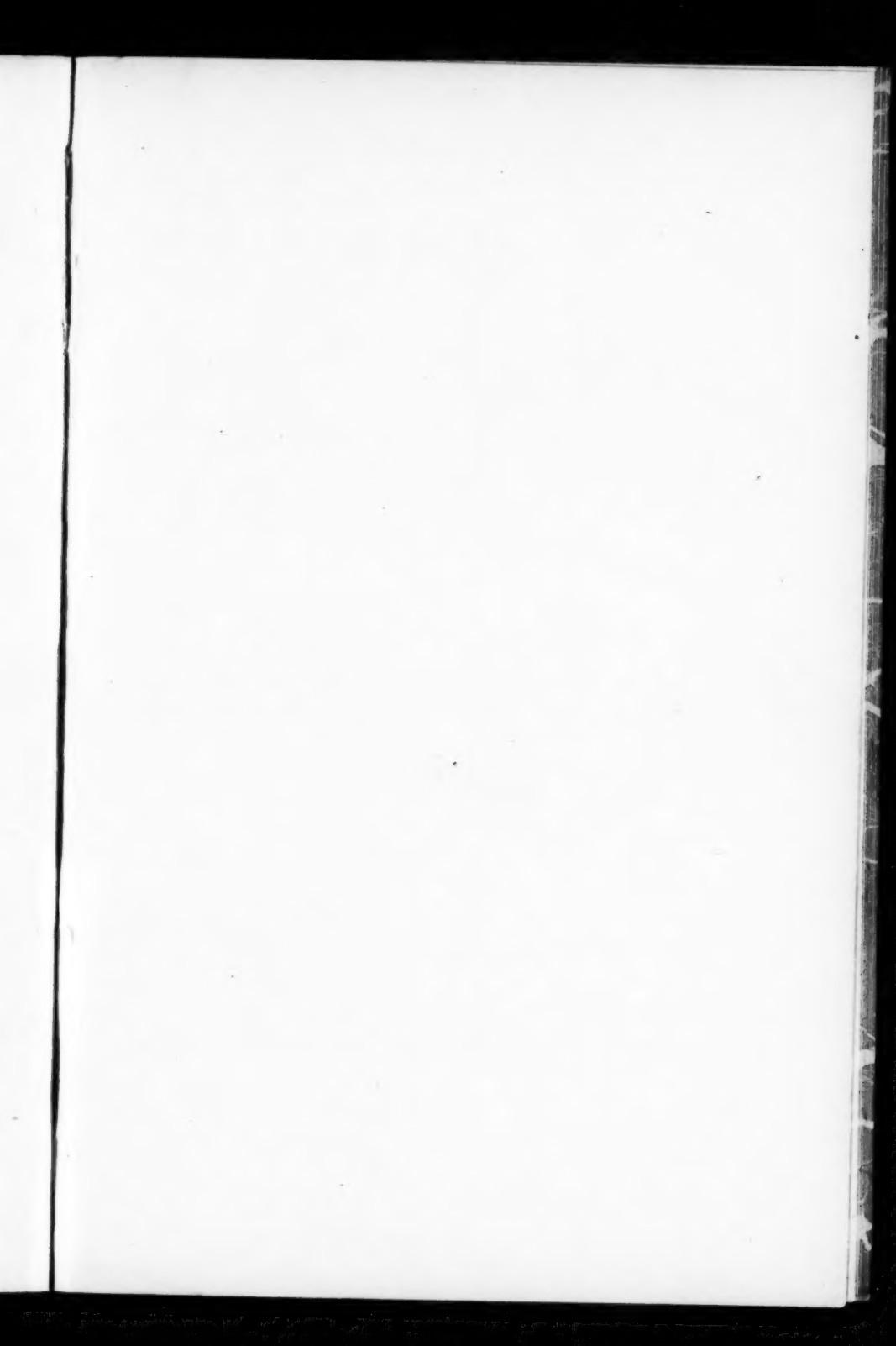
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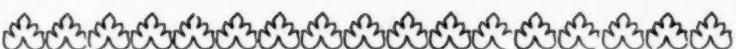
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# ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Spreading of Reliable Information Concerning the Operation of Educational Institutions in the South, the Moral, Intellectual, Commercial and Industrial Improvement of the Negro Race in the United States. Published on the Fifteenth Day of each Month. Entered as Second-Class Matter on May 3, 1905, at the Post Office at Boston Massachusetts, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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**JULY 15, 1908**

**No. 3**

## Editorial Department

### BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND HIS WORKS.

The story of Booker T. Washington's life and work reads like a romance of the most extravagant order. Born a slave in 1857, or 1858, in a windowless, one-room log cabin; his bed made of a few rags, on a dirt floor; nurtured at the breast of poverty and ignorance; running about the plantation clad in a single garment; unacquainted with the day of his birth; no ray of hope shooting through the gloom of his awful thraldom, he has risen, as by some strange and marvelous feat of magic, to such distinction as to receive the affection and homage of the entire civilized world; and on account of his extraordinary career, the pages of our national history are made luminous.

In him the possibility of a single life is exhibited; and the magnitude of his beneficent influence—exalting the ideals of a nation, making broader its views, and lifting up, not alone his own race, but the races of men generally, can hardly be estimated.

The impress of his remarkable personality is felt throughout the world. Men of great power and wealth honor him. A president of the United States declares that: "To speak of Tuskegee without paying special tribute to Booker T. Washington's genius and perseverance, would be impossible."

The span between the slave cabin and the mansion—the distance from ignorance to education—from superstition to reason, from slavery to freedom, from poverty to wealth, from contempt to respect, from weakness to power, is so great and is beset with so many obstacles that few minds can fully comprehend it.

He who seeks for the gems of truth in the sand of ignorance, he who has the courage to follow a lofty ideal, to stick to a principle, he who can see the strength and beauty as well as the plainness and weakness in his own race, and is frank enough to make it known, he who follows the light of his own brain, the impulse of his own heart, a heart full of compassion, of tenderness, of devotion, of honor, of charity, of love, a heart large enough and generous enough to forgive the cruel and merciless, broad

enough to see good even in adversity, he who seeks strenuously to elevate and dignify common labor, to make a thrifty citizen out of a shiftless man, to so train the head, heart and hand as to make them capable of true independence. Such a man deserves our reverence; our hearts should bud and blossom into thankfulness for his life and work, and such a man is Booker T. Washington. He is plain, outspoken, candid. He is thoroughly practical and impressive in speech. What he has to say is not polished to such a brilliancy that men cannot readily grasp the meaning. There is no sophistry, no equivocal terms, no ambiguous expressions employed in his public utterances. He has never been guilty of tergiversation. Every line of what he writes may be easily deciphered by any man of average intelligence. He is honest enough to state just what he believes; and his statements are most emphatic. He believes in industrial education for the masses of the Negro race. He believes that honest, efficient toil is calculated to win for the race both respect and power. He believes that the more intelligent the worker the more systematic the order of his duties, and the more thorough his service. He believes that the hand that is guided by an enlightened brain has a deftness of touch that is unknown to the ignorant workman.

He has studied very carefully the needs of the Negro race and he appreciates its real condition. He believes that there is hope for a race of men who understand the secrets of the mechanic arts. He believes that the best preparation a young man can possibly make to enter into the field of a stern, active life is by cultivating his brain, enriching his heart with

sound wholesome truth, and training his hands to perform some useful service. He believes that however rich the soil, however luxuriant the grass, however fine the climate, however plentiful the iron, the coal and the manifold resources of nature, wealth can only be produced by the application of intelligent labor. A man would perish in the sight of plenty if he did not put himself to some trouble to appropriate the things around him. And so, it is very important that if man must labor that his labor be guided by the highest systematic intelligence. The mental power of any laborer is of peculiar influence and value. An increase of intelligence results usually in an increase in the power to produce. Mr. Washington understands these principles thoroughly. He believes that the clearness of mind, quickness of apprehension, strength of memory, and the power of consecutive thought, which come from mental training and intellectual discipline, make the difference between a desirable and an undesirable laborer; and are the most important elements of strength in those men who have made a name for themselves in this generation of stress and great difficulties; who have devoted their time to efforts in any particular field of labor, and that these qualities enable the desirable laborer to soon pass the undesirable one into more remunerative work.

Mr. Washington early learned that intellect is the real wealth of the world, that ignorance is a great misfortune to any race. His first important day dream was inspired by observing an educated Negro reading a newspaper to some older Negroes on the plantation where he was born. He then made up his mind to learn the secret, which was to him a marvel,

to say the least. When he was about 12 years of age he heard about Hampton, General Armstrong's school in Virginia. He was informed that a Negro boy might work his way through this school. He made up his mind to find Hampton, though he had no definite idea at the time just where the school was located. Again he had only money enough to pay his fare part of the way. On the way to Hampton he had a most trying experience. He slept in barns in the country and under a board sidewalk in Richmond. When he had reached Hampton his clothes were in a pretty bad condition, and the school authorities were reluctant at first to accept him as a student. His examination consisted in sweeping a room that needed cleaning; he did this so well that one of the teachers expressed perfect satisfaction, and immediately enrolled his name.

He has equipped himself to handle questions by wide reading and careful consideration, storing his mind with wisdom and cultivating a tenacious memory. His readiness and keenness of wit, his sharp and perfect analysis of the motives of men; his remarkable swiftness and energy; all help to make him the great man that he is. In very critical situations he has exhibited a clear-headedness, a practical judgment, that has won for him the respect of his enemies. He has labored continuously from childhood—so strenuously, energetically, hopefully, and with such rich reward that no one can help but respect him. His life proves that if a man works hard and keeps everlastingly at it, he will find himself standing before a bank some day, with a license to draw something more than his breath.

By strictly following this code of

ten sound principles, Mr. Washington, with intense force, penetrated in a few years the very hearts of the good people of this country and has advanced rapidly from insignificant beginnings to notable and tremendous achievements:

1. Building up a solid character—a pure heart, a pure mind, leading to purity of conduct.
2. Cultivate the habit of industry, supplemented by frugality in the expenditure of money.
3. Cultivating the habit of spending less than is earned and acquiring little by little, if need be, a substantial bank account.
4. Be punctual in keeping an obligation of any kind, whether an unimportant engagement or a promise to pay a debt.
5. Avoid the doctrine of hate or re-prisal, preaching the beauty of love and hope, rather than serving as the disciple of despair or the prophet of disaster.
6. Stand as sturdily as the oak when the storms of slander, misrepresentation and abuse rise against you, in the knowledge that the right will be more than sustained when the clash and clamor have spent their evanescent force.
7. Understand the lofty sentiment that resides in choosing "the better part," and be too grand to permit an enemy to drag you down by making you as mean as he is.
8. Be modest, yet courageous, and be properly appreciative of your individual value.
9. In speaking, talk to the point, directly and vigorously; in acting, proceed quickly, earnestly and thoroughly.
10. Attend to the business you set out to make a success, and let every other person's affair alone.

This last rule is the very pivot upon which his life revolves, and the secret of his success.

Mr. Washington believes that Negro boys and girls should early learn the value of money and they should early cultivate business habits. The New England boy will serve as a good example of what the Negro youth should be. The New England small boy generally shows business capabilities at a tender age, if he is ever going to have them.

The Negro has played an important part in the development of the south; his brawny arms felled the forest; his strong hands prepared the way for civilization. He has been the pioneer, (though perhaps unwilling) and invincible in his ignorance, he has subdued the earth to tillage and has developed the grandest and most extensive system of agriculture the world has ever known. The Negro is not, as some people generally suppose, indolent and untrustworthy. In cutting timber, splitting rails, breaking young horses and mules, gathering sugar-cane, picking cotton, harvesting rice, making brick, building houses, caring for cattle, any kind of hard work, he has no superiors. In constancy the Southern Negro is not inferior to the white man. He does not take offence so easily as the white man. He is not so revengeful, nor so hard to satisfy. He is cheerful of disposition, and will bear any sort of hardship provided some one else is doing the same with him. He is emotional and impulsive. He will laugh and weep under circumstances that would not affect other men. He is always grateful for favors. While he is not thrifty—while he takes no thought of the morrow—singing:

"Come day, go day,  
God send Sunday,"

still he will work. He will dress in rags six days in the week and wear expensive garments on the seventh. He will labor hard in the scorching heat of the summer's sun without any apparent discomfort during the week and indulge the luxuries of an umbrella and kid gloves on a holiday. He will walk miles at night, after a hard day's work, to visit a friend and spend a week's earnings to take a carriage drive on Sunday. But in all these characteristics he is not a bad man.

It is Mr. Washington's effort to show the southern Negro the folly of these things. Education will change him. He is a firm believer in fairness as regards the laws affecting the races. His position on the lynching question has always been honest. He stands up for the good people of the South, and is unsparing in his condemnation of the bad. He repeats over and over again that the future of the race depends on the question as to whether or not the Negro will make himself of such indispensable value that his community will appreciate the need of him. "No man who continues to add something to the material, intellectual and moral well-being of the place in which he lives is long left without proper reward." He says that our law makers must be fair; that no state should make a law that permits an ignorant and poverty-stricken white man to vote, and prevent a black man on the same condition from voting.

There can be no question but that ignorance, in its manifold forms and debasing effects, constitutes the chief bar to preferment for the Negro in the South. The problem before us is the right of education of the black man. The white man should not scare at the word "elevation." No one thinks of

putting the Negro above the white man. Eminence is not governed by complexion. The Negro cannot rise simply because he is black; the white man cannot stay on top simply because he is white. A man rises, not by the color of his skin, but by intelligence, industry, integrity and moral worth. The foremost man in these excellencies and virtues, must, in the long run, be also the highest man. And it ought to be so. Ignorance, indolence, immorality have no right to rise. Let the white man rise as high as he can, providing always that he does not rise by wrong done to another. In such rising there is no real elevation. Let the Negro rise as high as he can, without injustice to another. No honest man with brains in his head, doubts for one moment that he has the ability. Deeds, not words, must prove the verdict as to the Negro's capability. It is the ambition of the presiding genius at Tuskegee that the Negro shall prove himself the peer of any other man and to that end he is cultivating the minds and hearts of our youth; training the hands to useful service and building up that sort of character that wins respect and affection among right thinking people everywhere on the face of the earth.

#### THE NEGRO VOTE.

There is a tendency among the political leaders of the Negro race, these days, to advocate the formation of the voters into a free lance body, whose support of candidates shall only then be gained, when these candidates are willing to give a part of the spoils to the Negro for his services. In other words, an appetite is being doctored up for the luscious campaign-plum. Thus far, it is true,

the colored race has mostly abstained from this particular kind of fruit, being satisfied to follow the traditional banner, unfurled by the Republican party.

In the South "Jim Crow" has had especially good reason to support the Grand Old Party as much as he was able to, as a protest against the ultra-radical, demagogue tactics of the Vardamans, Tillmans, Hoke Smiths, etc. In the North no such personal reason existed. The vote was in favor of the Republicans almost by force of habit, and little was done to make it "worth while" for the Negro. The party came to consider itself as the guardian of the race, and thus felt justified in exacting an allegiance for which it gave nothing in return. It had freed the Negro. It had put through the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution. Those acts it considered investments, from which they now reaped the revenue—viz., the Negro vote.

However, as a matter of fact, neither of these amendments at the present time, is being correctly interpreted by the powers that be; neither of these amendments works out the intentions of its framers. And the result is the agitation set on foot by the political leaders of the race.

It is not all gold that glitters. As a Western humorist says: "All is not gold that glitters." The lustre which attaches to a leader makes him the conspicuous person to approach when support has to be solicited. When favors are given in return, who gets them? Again the leader, who has marshalled his forces to aid the cause wherefrom he is to derive his benefit. Of course, the leader likes to be courted. It adds zest to his work, it makes him

feel important, it makes his pocket-book bulge —. There is selfishness in the object of many leaders, that advocate this political free lance system, and therefore it should be mistrusted.

Let us not be misunderstood. A race is justified to oppose the party that does not do certain things in return by which the race is benefited. Throughout the world we may see numerous instances that corroborate the correctness of this standpoint. The Pacific coast vote was courted with "planks" on Oriental immigration. The New York Hebrews, numerous enough to turn their state, are solicitously considered. In the English parliament the Irish voters have forced through measures for the benefit of their country as a reward for their allegiance. And so the Negro should be alert to recognize his chances for civic betterment through political effort.

But in merely blindly following the leaders, it should be realized, nothing can be won. In different parts of the country different situations prevail. A promiscuous following of the man that offers most would only mean the splitting up of the Negro vote into a number of small bodies, each of them practically without strength, and all of them estranged forever from the party machines; and whatever gain each little body of Negroes may derive from its little part in the little issue will be insignificant compared to the great benefit for the entire race, which one solid Negro vote may compel and shall compel without doubt sooner or later.

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#### WM. H. TAFT, NOMINEE.

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In many quarters the nomination of Mr. William H. Taft for republi-

can candidate for the presidency may cause a decided disappointment. The Negro race has always loyally stood by the Republican party, yet has found in many instances that their loyalty did not meet with the reward which more doubtful supporters never failed to receive.

The president's policies have alienated from him many colored voters. His emphatic endorsement of Secretary Taft as nominee has printed upon this candidate the stamp of continuity of the Roosevelt policies. Mr. Taft virtually abandons the 14th amendment to the Constitution, and the possibility exists that a feature of this amendment authorizing a reduction of the representation of the South in Congress and in the Electoral college, shall be enforced. That would mean entire abandonment of the fifteenth amendment which we quote here:

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of color, race or previous condition of servitude, etc.

With this in view many negroes are heeding the vituperations of agitators, who in their fury to denounce the mistakes of a few men, hesitate not to denounce the entire party and the principles for which it stands. Neither have they scrupled to urge as a desperate and fanatical method of revenge, to entirely abandon the Republican ranks and vote for any one, in order to oppose Taft. It needs no comment for an intelligent person to see the childishness of such an act. The question how to vote has now become very difficult. But we should not allow ourselves to be guided by an animal instinct of retaliation, goaded by unscrupulous and selfish agitators. Let us look

into our own hearts, and ponder the question with our own brains, and not accept as gospel the utterings of fevered minds.

We may be disappointed—but we must keep cool, we must be just, we must place our vote where loyalty and common-sense decree.

The party machine has placed Mr. William H. Taft's name on the ticket. Mr. Taft's character is for all the people to know who view his career, and who stop to read what has been written of him. We append to this article, in condensed form, one view-point of the candidate.

Mr. Taft enjoys the unique distinction to be eminently qualified for the two highest positions in the Republic, to wit: the Presidency and the Chief Justice-ship of the Supreme Court. As a lawyer and judge he has proven his ability beyond a doubt. Four universities have conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws,—those of Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Miami.

In 1880, at the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, becoming assistant prosecuting attorney in 1881. Six years later he was appointed to the superior court bench. In 1890 he became solicitor-general of the United States, returned to a Judge-ship of the United States circuit court in 1892. In 1900 he went to the Philippines, filling later the position of civil governor of the islands.

As a federal judge Mr. Taft has greatly distinguished himself and it is generally agreed that he stands unique for the simplicity and clearness of his decisions and of the illustration of the principles of patent law by specific instances. He has been sharply criticized by the labor party yet his decisions have been

fair, and he is justly entitled to the high praise which he received in other circles. The criticism of the labor parties sprouts chiefly from their defeat and their fear of his criticism. In the instance of sympathetic strikes he has held, that thought strikes or boycott for higher wages and other beneficial and legitimate purposes be just, no strikes should be called against an innocent third person because of dealings with a concern against which the union has grievances.

His attitude concerning labor was revealed in his brilliant address at Cooper Institute, concerning the bas-value to the laboree of the accumulation of capital by the community. This accumulation of capital occurs is on which property rests and the for instance when labor-saving machinery is installed. Of course, at first skilled workmen are turned out of employment because of the labor-saving device. A strike may then be called, but the law does not permit strikes against labor-saving machinery. And justice bye and bye is vindicated, for the wealth originated by the labor-saving and increase of output of the machines, immediately must employ labor for further production.

In all his work Mr. Taft has maintained the attitude, in which he pronounced his findings as a judge. He has not wavered from his course upholding the law, the rights of property, and of persons. His courage is one of the best things in his make-up. He has met opposition face to face at any time in his career, without fear of consequences. The people should find no difficulty in understanding his position. His qualifications to fill the presidential chair are beyond a doubt.

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**MR. TAFT'S VIEW OF THE PRESIDENCY.**

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The current issue of Collier's presents an article written by Mr. William H. Taft in which he briefly outlines his ideas of presidential duties.

His words express the veritable, though abstract, ideal of a democracy: "They (the people) can center on the President as their instrument the expression of their wishes." Where the power of government, of legislature, is the prerogative of a multitude of individuals, through their concerted action, there exists the desire to see this power concentrated, embodied in one person, who is "their instrument." Thus he should be near to his people in thought as well as in person, and keep counsel with the sober majority, who believe in his "sincerity and uprightness of purpose."

From his course, neither applause nor inevitable censure should sway him, if at the outset he has been convinced that he proceeded rightly, and with the best interests of his people in view. Where no human being is infallible, his mistakes should be condoned.

Mr. Taft finds the work which may await him clearly defined; having accepted the nomination of the people who wish to entrust him with this work, he shall fight valiantly for his election.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Taft is sincere, and that he correctly describes the conditions that will confront him when the returns next November proclaim him Chief Executive. The question is, what shall ensue from these conditions through the medium of his personality? Mr. Taft, more than any other presidential possibility, has been kept before

the public eye, in America as well as abroad. The public has learned to expect from him a strenuous administration, a love for the square deal like that of the present incumbent. Forewarned by the President's mistakes, shall he be able to pursue his course evading the dangers of impulsive actions and prejudiced decrees?

That only the future can reveal. As the unanimous choice of the Republican party, all those whose votes are cast for the civic good, rather than for individual gain, should rally to his loyal support.

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**THE CENTENNIAL.**

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A notable event in the history of Negro Free Masonry in America promises to be the centennial celebration of the Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge at Boston, Massachusetts, scheduled to take place on Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13. Although nominally it is only the observance of one Grand Lodge, this celebration will tend to enhance the standing of every Colored Mason in America. Prince Hall lodge is the oldest lodge; in our review published in the May issue of Alexander's Magazine we lengthily described its origin, its traditions and its venerable place among the Negro lodges in America.

An appeal is therefore made to every loyal brother to be present and lend his influence to the greater success of the event. More than five thousand visitors have already signified their intention to be present. Gov. Curtis Guild of Massachusetts and his Honor George A. Hibbard, mayor of Boston, have accepted invitations to actively participate in the exercises.

All that can, come!

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**THE FRATERNITIES.**

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Among the various fraternities that tend to unite the brethren of the race in close companionship to the propagation of the noble aim of mutual helpfulness, clean living, and high morality, the Masonic brotherhood readily is granted a foremost place for reasons of its ancient origin, its widespread, its exalted ideals, and its beneficent power. In our May issue we have given the review of a masterful book, treating reverently with this topic of universal interest.

In the early part of June a grand session of the California masons was held at the city of Stockton in the San Joaquin valley. The most worshipful sovereign grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of California originated in the year 1855, from the authority of the Negro Grand Lodge of Free Masons, which was organized at Boston in 1808. The following extract from the San Jose "The Forum," gives a concise description of Masonic development among the race in America.

On Sept. 27, 1784, Prince Hall applied to the Grand Lodge of England for a warrant to constitute the first lodge among Negroes of this country.

The warrant was granted. The lodge was instituted and known as African lodge No. 459, with the illustrious Prince Hall as worshipful master. This lodge was a part of the great Masonic system of the universe. Later Prince Hall, acting under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England, instituted subordinate lodges in the cities of Philadelphia and Providence, and they, through their representatives, met in the city of Boston, Mass., in the year of 1808, with African Lodge No. 459, and convened a Masonic convention, out of which the first Negro

Grand Lodge of Free Masons was organized in the United States, with Prince Hall as the first grand master and from the authority of this grand lodge sprang the subordinate and grand lodges of Negro Masons throughout the United States.

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**THE NEED OF ENTERPRISE.**

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So much has been said with a view to convincing the Negro that his place is in the fields tilling the soil, or in industry exploiting his brawn and muscle in some handicraft, that little stress has been laid upon the urgent necessity for the race to engage in business enterprises, in which they would acquire independence, prosperity and permanency for themselves.

Out of the field of handicraft and agriculture, the Negro has but in a few and isolated instances received encouragement. It is true that many have embraced the vocation of teacher. But the prospects for success in this line are few. The majority of teachers working for five or six months in the year, spend during the remainder the money they have earned with their labors. If they would but save up a few hundred dollars, and start in a small way to conduct a business of their own, they would contribute far more greatly to the furtherance of the cause of the race. Where Negroes have started in business and stuck to it, they are being richly rewarded.

There is a tendency among the Colored race to splurge a little, that is, in many cases they will work hard all week, dress in rags, live on inferior stuffs—but, on Sunday they will burst forth in all the splendor of fine clothes, tan shoes, kid gloves, etc. On one Sunday excursion they will spend the

earnings of a hard week. The feeling exists: "Oh, what's the use." Young men are too easily discouraged; too quickly do they become despondent, and acquiesce when untoward events divert them from the course they have mapped out towards the success for which they hoped. Rome was not built in a day. Because the golden harvest does not at once follow upon your labor and investment, because returns do not come quite as readily, and abundantly as you have imagined they would come in the first flush of enthusiasm with which you started your enterprise—that is no reason to despair. A race is won on the second wind. Those that drop out in the breathless weakness that follows the first rush, will never amount to anything. Keep at it, stick it out, and by and by your second wind will bring you powers of endurance that will lead you to the end post triumphant.

Energy and faithfulness and good planning, courage, self-confidence and cheerful endeavor, those are the qualities that make the prosperous business man. Everything takes time however, don't forget that. Everything takes money. Don't forget that either. You must have a dollar to make a dollar—therefore save; penny by penny, dime by dime. You will be surprised how quickly your little hoard will grow.

Educate the mind. There is no excuse for ignorance, where so many educational facilities are offered. Life will become brighter, adversity less calamitous, prosperity more productive of happiness, and happiness will become of a deeper, broader, purer quality, when the mind expands and opens to the light.

Feel not discouraged because, here and there, injustice seems to rob you

of your privileges. Your rights will be protected. There are many more instances to prove the impartiality and justness of the courts, than there are instances of prejudice, and unlawful discrimination. Your business is not endangered by partiality against you.

Work in commerce, band together, stand together, hew yourself a place into the solid rock-foundation of this country, business, and your strength will grow. It will not grow through political machinations. Vote intelligently, according to your best, most impartial, individual judgment. Inform yourself of all the pro and cons as to the person for whom you cast your vote—but do not scheme in politics.

We note among the Negroes another obvious tendency; a tendency to depreciate the enterprises of brother Negroes. For instance, almost without exception a Negro will pass a Negro store and make his purchases at a white man's counter. He will eat the vile food slung at him over the counter of some filthy, no-rate bawdry, instead of patronizing the decent, clean establishment conducted by a black man. In no instance is this queer discrimination so flagrant as in the choosing of reading matter. The Negro press receives but little support from the race. The Colored man will swallow the "hot stuff" of any yellow journal, and gloomily digest their vituperations against the Negro. He will absorb the slander, sulk over it, and cannot help becoming influenced by it, to his detriment. If a man continuously hears himself denounced as inferior, vile, debased, hopelessly stupid, in language as fiery, as virulent as is the approved style of the "yellow" papers, he cannot help but begin to doubt himself, and end by giving

up the fight and resign himself to this self-constructed fate.

There is as much news, as much comment, as much recreation to be gotten out of a Negro paper as out of any other publication. There is as much brains and as much work in a Negro paper as in the white papers, "yellow," or "white" all through. The Negro press is worthy of the Negro's support. How can a race work in union, how is organization possible without an organ, without a medium of information and advice to the race? If we form a society we have a little pamphlet informing us of the condition of the society every now and then. We read it with interest. Why is it that we have no interest in the pamphlets, the journals, the magazines that ably and sympathetically treat with the conditions of that great society, our race? The white papers rile us, and irritate us; but we read them all the same, and that to the exclusion of publications of our own brethren, who would soothe us instead of irritate, and help us, and lead us.

This is a queer preference, is it not?

Perhaps there would be more interest in Negro papers, if they, too, fell to vituperating and scolding and denouncing a little. The Negro editors usually try to teach gently, to inform impartially—and this splendid endeavor to moderation may rob their articles sometimes of the fervour and fierceness of the demagogue, which always appeals to the people in general. A little more fire and brimstone may catch the devotee of the yellow paper, and win him over to the regular reading of Negro journals and other Negro literature.

These journals speak the truth. They probe into conditions deeply, and knowingly. Who can know the problems of the race better than men

of the race; men studious, well educated, of large experience, such as conduct these papers?

The Negro must awake to the responsibility of his position, and the realization of his opportunity. Success can be won only by undaunted, incessant efforts. Business enterprise is the word; perseverance the key to prosperity; unity the best of policies. Help one another; keep in touch with one another, and with the knowledge of conditions thus gained, exercise your powers intelligently, to mutual betterment and advancement.

#### EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Just on the point of going to press we have received for notice a little book by George Trowbridge entitled, "Emanuel Swedenborg; his life, teachings and influence." We regret that lack of time forces us to restrict ourselves to printing merely a short notice, but we hope, in our next issue, to discuss the matter more at length. The work (a paper-covered octavo of 150 pages, price 25 cents), is published by Fred'k Warne and company of New York, who, after the sale of 40,000 copies of their edition of some of Swedenborg's works within a period of two years, decided to bring out this new and popular biography of the wonderful Swede. A competent critic has said of the book: "As an introductory work for a person who desires to know something about Swedenborg, it is the best at present available."

#### BULLETIN AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

The international bureau of American Republics issues a monthly bulletin, devoted to the recording of matters of interest to the countries of the two Americas in general, and to each

separate country in particular. It is published in four languages, English, French, Spanish and Portuguese.

This month's, the June copy, is of especial interest. It describes the laying of the cornerstone at Washington, D. C., of the new building of the International Bureau. The great prospects involved in the erecting of a building which is to be the cradle of the New Idea, made this ceremony a memorable one. Here the delegates of all the governments of North, Central and South America will join in a federation for peace. The entire civilized world may well be congratulated on the progress, which has led to this concerted effort to eliminate war.

More than four thousand people witnessed the ceremony, a gathering as notable and impressive as ever congregated to view a memorable exercise. The speakers were President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Andrew Carnegie, the dean of the Latin-American church, the dean of the Protestant clergy of the District of Columbia, and the head of the Catholic church in the United States. Many members of the cabinet and the supreme court, the entire diplomatic corps, a considerable number of senators, congressmen, state governors, high army and navy officers were among those present.

The grandstands were grouped around the sides of the court, in the center of which the corner stone was laid. An impressive feature of the ceremony was the raising in turn of the flags of the American Republics, 21 in number, while the Marine band played the respective national hymns.

Special cablegrams were received from the presidents of the various republics and read aloud, each message

being applauded for its expression of sentiments, favoring the idea of Pan-American peace and good will.

#### WHEN YOU ARE TIRED.

Don't grit your teeth and work harder. Ease up a little.

Don't talk any more than you can help. Talking takes vitality.

Lie down in a dark place, if only 15 minutes.

Don't read anything in which you are not interested.

Don't feel that everything must be done in one day. There are 364 more.

Realize that it is better to leave things undone than overdo yourself.

Avoid people and their woes at that time. Seek some one frivolous.

Don't try to improve yourself. Give your mind a rest.

And don't forget that a little lemon juice in cold water in the morning is a great help.—Chicago Journal.

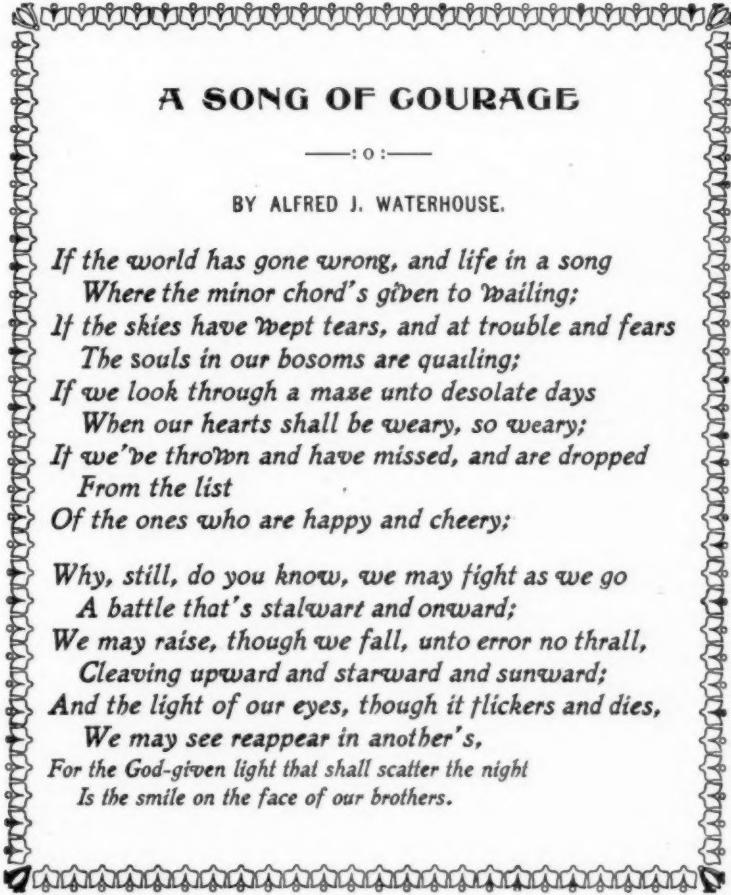
#### AN IVY SONG.

By Ethelwyn Detridge.

Against the sheltering wall we plant  
The tender ivy, newly green,  
Trusting the future years to grant  
A strength and beauty yet unseen;  
So shall our thoughts forever cling  
In wistful mem'ry to the past,  
And to this hour, when we sing  
Our loving, sad farewells at last.

Still may it grow through storm or sun,

The ivy, symbol of the tie  
That makes our hearts forever one  
In changeless love that cannot die;  
And as it scorns the earth below  
And dares in slender grace to rise,  
So may our lives in beauty grow  
To service and to sacrifice.



## A SONG OF COURAGE

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BY ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

If the world has gone wrong, and life in a song  
Where the minor chord's given to wailing;  
If the skies have wept tears, and at trouble and fears  
The souls in our bosoms are quailing;  
If we look through a maze unto desolate days  
When our hearts shall be weary, so weary;  
If we've thrown and have missed, and are dropped  
From the list  
Of the ones who are happy and cheery;

Why, still, do you know, we may fight as we go  
A battle that's stalwart and onward;  
We may raise, though we fall, unto error no thrall,  
Cleaving upward and starward and sunward;  
And the light of our eyes, though it flickers and dies,  
We may see reappear in another's,  
For the God-given light that shall scatter the night  
Is the smile on the face of our brothers.

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NEW BOOKS.

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To read is to live, not to read is to stagnate—stagnation is death.

To readers on sociology the editor refers you to "Growth and Education," by John Mason Tyler of Boston; "The Indian's Book," an offering by the American Indian, of Indian lore, musical and narrative, to form a record of the songs and legends of their race. Illustrations from photographs and from original drawings by Indians.

To readers on philosophy and religion: "Sketches in History, chiefly Ecclesiastical," by Louis C. Cararelli; "Historic Churches of America," introduction by Edward Everett Hale, N. Y., by Mrs. Nellie Urner Wallington.

To readers on literature: "Voices from Erin," (poem) by Denis Aloysius McCarthy; "Another Book of Verses for Children," by Edward Verrall Lucas.

To readers on Science: "Evolution and Animal Life," an elementary discussion of facts, processes, laws, and theories relating to the life and evolution of animals, by David Starr Jordan; "The Pearl," its story, its charm and its value, by Wallis Richard Cat-telle.

To readers of history: "The Great Plains," the romance of western American explorations, warfare and settlement, by Randall Parrish; "An Introduction to the English Historians" by Charles Austin Beard.

To readers of fiction: "His Wife," "A Powerful Drama of Primitive Passions Working in the Silent Immensity of Alaskan snows," by Warren Cheney; "The Shuttle," an international marriage is the starting point of the story; the action takes place in England, but the heroine is a brilliant and all conquering American girl.

The National Association of Colored Women will hold its bi-ennial meeting in the City of Brooklyn, N. Y., August 24, to 28. Representation at the meeting depends absolutely upon the payment of dues before the meeting.

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## HOW SHALL WE SLEEP?

Don't sleep on your left side, for it causes to great a pressure on the heart.

Don't sleep on your right side, for it interferes with the respiration of that lung.

Don't sleep on your stomach, for that interferes with the respiration of both lungs and makes breathing difficult.

Don't sleep on your back, for this method of getting rest is bad for the nervous system.

Don't sleep sitting in a chair, for your body falls into an unnatural position, and you cannot get the necessary relaxation.

Don't sleep standing up, for you may topple over and crack your skull.

Don't sleep.—Puck.

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## THE WEATHER.

When the weather is wet  
We must not fret;  
When the weather is dry  
We must not cry;  
When the weather is cold  
We must not scold;  
When the weather is warm  
We must not storm;  
But be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

Do something for somebody, somewhere,  
While jogging along life's road;  
Help some one to carry his burden,  
And lighter will grow your load.  
Do something for somebody gladly,  
'Twill sweeten your every care;  
In sharing the sorrows of others  
Your own are less hard to bear.

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## IN AN OMNIBUS.

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: O :  
BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEN.

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Thought-transmission? Clairvoyance? No, I can't say I believe much in that sort of thing; you wouldn't expect it from a matter-of-fact old city man like me, would you? I've had to look on the practical side of things ever since I was a boy.

All the same, I did have a rather curious experience the other evening. It was only a trifling affair, and I dare say there is nothing in it, really, but I've tried to apply the ordinary rules of experience to it—tried to work it out by the rule of three, as it were; but somehow there's always a hitch that I can't quite level up.

Here's the story for what it's worth: I had had a busy day at the office, and was tired out when I took my usual 'bus home—Hammersmith, you know; and I had walked as far as Charing Cross by way of exercise and to clear my brain of stuffy figures. It had just begun to drizzle, and I was lucky to get a place in the 'bus—just about the centre of the left side it was, up against the metal bar that divides the long seat into halves.

There was only just room for me, for my two fellow passengers on the right were bulky individuals, so I was wedged up pretty tight against the bar. It's lucky that I'm not a big man myself, or I don't know what we should have done. As it was, in settling down, my arm came rather sharply into contact with the shoulder of a girl who was placed to my left—just the other side of the bar, you understand. She gave a little cry and started, just as if she had been aroused from a nap, and didn't quite know where she was.

Of course, I apologized, and then forgot all about the matter. I didn't even look at the girl, didn't realize if she were smart or shabby, fair or dark. It's very rare for me to take interest in folk I meet in omnibuses. I tried to read an evening paper, but the light was so bad it couldn't be

done. Long experience has taught me the futility of such an attempt, yet I'm always doing it—out of sheer perversity, I suppose.

Well I had to shut up my paper and amuse myself as best I could with my own thoughts. It was then that I cast a casual glance at my youthful neighbor, and—I can't tell you why, for, as I have said, it is quite at variance with my usual habits—I began to speculate as to her position and occupation; a silly thing to do, for she was just like thousands of others with no special points about her.

She was quite young—nineteen or twenty, perhaps—neither pretty nor ugly, and of nondescript coloring. Her hair was fluffed out on either side of her ears, and she wore a round cap of some cheap fur. It was quite unpretentious, but somehow it suited her. Her features were rather thin, and she had no complexion to speak of; one could easily guess that she was out in all sorts of weather, or subjected to an unwholesome atmosphere of some kind. Her under lip shaped a little—you know how cold it was about a fortnight ago?—and there was a little drop of blood just about the centre, where her teeth may have closed on the lip if she had been out of temper; or, of course, it may merely have been the result of the weather. Anyway, that drop of blood fascinated me, and I think it was because of it that I took such special notice of an everyday sort of girl. There were a couple of curious black spots on her cheek and chin as well. I couldn't make out if they were moles or if she had been spattered by the mud of the street. The state of her dress—a frayed serge—rather indicated the latter, poor child. I think her eyes were gray, but she kept them half closed, leaning back in her seat, inclined a little to my side,

as if she were tired out and wanted to sleep. She had nice long lashes, I remember.

Oh, no; I wasn't in the least bit fascinated, or any rot of that sort. I'm not the kind of man who is always on the lookout for chance acquaintances—that game is played out, as far as I am concerned. But I had to think of something, and the girl by my side was more interesting than any of the other stodgy folk who had got into the 'bus—a job lot, if ever there was one. There was a woman sitting opposite me—a young woman, with a baby on her knees—whose expression was as inane and vacuous as that of the baby itself. Everybody was wet and uncomfortable, and we all hated each other with a cordial hatred.

Well, the 'bus rumbled on, and nobody seemed inclined to move. We were all bound for Hammersmith. I leaned back in my seat as well as I could, to make more room for my stout neighbor, who kept wedging me closer against the rail; the girl was leaning back, too, and my arm—I couldn't help it—pressed against hers. I had my hand upon the rail, you see; she had both of hers clasped upon her lap. She wore no gloves, and she had a cheap ring on one of her fingers—an engagement ring, I suppose it was meant to be. Nobody spoke, and by degrees I began to feel sleepy—for got all about the 'bus, even about the little lady by my side, and allowed my mind to be a perfect blank. I have rather a habit of doing that after a heavy day, and I give you my word it's most restful to the brain.

At the same time, I suppose—as the clairvoyants would say—the brain is particularly receptive when it is in that condition. Anyway, after a while a curious mist began to form before my eyes, a mist which soon became a blur of dim color; and this gradually worked itself to a focus of light in which I felt, somehow, that I could see pictures if I wished. It was a strange sensation, quite new to me. I wasn't asleep, you understand. If I tried I could see the vacuous faces of the woman who sat opposite me and the baby on her knees, the mist dispelling to let me do so; but when I

gave myself up to the thoughtless repose it collected again, and the clear spot in the centre became more defined. I was conscious of one other thing—a curious tingling sensation in my left arm, the arm that pressed against that of the girl by my side; it was just as if the blood were rushing from her veins to mine. I don't know if I make myself clear; it was such a curious experience for a matter-of-fact man like myself that I hardly know how to express it. I hadn't the smallest desire to read the girl's thoughts or to intrude myself unwarrantably into her affairs; but I couldn't help myself any more than she could; we had got unaccountably en rapport—isn't that what you call it?—a sort of unconscious celebration.

Well, she must have been thinking hard of something that had recently happened to her—that very day, I take it. And I saw it all with her eyes. First of all a dingy workroom—a lot of girls sitting at a long table and sewing mechanically dress materials of some sort—I'm no good at describing that kind of thing, but I saw it as clearly as if I'd been in the room. The floor a litter, the table a litter, patterns, stuff of every hue and quality, cut and uncut, yards of it, spread out or tumbled together; dummy figures, some partially clad, some only framework and wooden bust; sprays of artificial flowers, lace, ribbon, cotton. Cotton! Why, the atmosphere of the place seemed loaded with it. You know the close smell of a draper's shop? I assure you I got exactly that kind of impression.

All the girls seemed to be chattering together gayly enough—all except my girl. I saw her as plainly as I see you. She was working a sewing machine, and she kept glancing at a big, clumsy clock upon the wall. She could hardly see the time by it, for the room was so full of mist; there were flaming gas jets hanging from the ceiling, but they didn't seem to give sufficient light. However, I knew well enough what the girl wanted; she was anxious for the hour to strike when she would be at liberty to take her departure. The minutes seemed to drag out into eternity for her.

"Will he be there?" That is what she was repeating to herself, and of course, being for the time, as it were, in her brain, I knew all about "him"—as much as she did, anyway. I thought, with her, that he would be certain to turn up at the appointed meeting place.

He did. They met at an A. B. C. tea shop, and he was evidently cross with her for being late. I didn't like the look of the fellow at all; he was a shocking bounder, loudly dressed, and with a bowler hat set on one side of his head. A loafer, if ever I saw one. He had shifty eyes and a receding chin and horrid thick lips. He smiled and chatted amiably enough at first while the girl nervously sipped her tea; but his expression changed quickly when she leaned forward and began to talk to him very earnestly. I quite expected it would—as did she, poor girl. You see, I knew what was in her mind.

It was pitiful. He regained his composure and began to talk soothingly, but it was such obvious acting. Even she was scarcely deceived by it—though she tried hard to believe him genuine. He kept shifting about in his seat, anxious the whole time to get away. There were tears in her eyes when she rose to go, but he whispered something that made her smile up at him through her tears. I think it was a promise to meet her again.

They parted under the glare of the electric light outside the shop. She lifted her face for a kiss, and he gave it to her; but I think that his kiss must have told her the truth. She stood gazing after him as he disappeared in the crowd, and there was an agony of apprehension in her face.

"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!" You may laugh, but I felt as if the words were torn from my own heart.

Well, I'm very near the end of my story. The girl must have moved her arm just about then, for all of a sudden the whole train of impressions was broken. I started up as if I had just come out of a dream, and those words were on my lips—I actually spoke them aloud—"He won't come back! I shall never see him again!"

She heard me. It must have seemed to her as though I had spoken her actual thought. She, too, was sitting up, and there was a scared look on her face—her eyes were absolutely wild.

"How did you know?" she whispered. Then, realizing that I was a stranger, fancying, I suppose, that I had not addressed her, that she had been dreaming: "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly.

I can't remember if I replied or not. I was struggling to collect my own thoughts. I felt a bit dazed myself, and perhaps it was lucky that the baby set up a howl just at that moment and distracted everybody's attention. Before I had time to decide how to act, the girl got up, and without so much as looking at me jumped out of the bus. We were nearing Hammersmith by then, but I'll vow she hadn't reached her own destination.

A queer story, isn't it? I can't attempt an explanation, but I'm absolutely positive that, quite innocently, I got an insight that evening into the poor little tragedy of a girl's life.

For I'm quite sure he never came back—he wasn't the sort of man to do so.

No. I never saw her again, though I traveled back by the same bus night after night, rather in the hope of doing so. But there is a sequel, and it's this—perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair, when one remembers that it was all an impression, a sort of dream.

I saw the man, the identical fellow, dressed just as I figured him that evening. It was at an A. B. C. shop where I sometimes go myself for a cup of tea. He was sitting at one of the little tables, and there was a girl with him, to whom he was engaged in making violent love.

But it was not my friend of the omnibus—oh, no; it was another girl altogether, though I think she was of the same class.—London Sketch.

#### Dilemma.

The Sweet Girl Graduate: "Now, comes the question? Am I to turn to medicine and become Miss Doctor, or to the medicine man, and become Mrs. Doctor?"

**THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.**

The dames of France are fond and free,  
And Flemish lips are willing,  
And soft the maids of Italy,  
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;  
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,  
Their charms fail to bind me,  
And my heart fails back to Erin's Isle,  
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,  
And purer than its water;  
But she refused to be my bride,  
Though many a year I sought her;  
Yet, since to France I sail'd away,  
Her letters oft remind me,  
That I promis'd never to galnsay  
The girl I left behind me.

She says, "My own dear love, come home,  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else, abroad with you I'd roam,  
A soldier stout as any;  
If you'll not come, nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me,"  
My heart nigh broke when I answered  
"No."  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling,  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on;  
But were I free or to be freed,  
The battle's close would find me  
To Ireland bound, nor message need.  
From the girl I left behind me.

—Author Unknown.

With the death of Mr. Joseph Lee at the age of 59 years, an example of the capable, self-sufficient and successful Negro has untimely passed from the view of many, who might well have patterned their lives after his.

He leaves a widow, who during his life stood loyally by his side, a true helpmate, and four children whose careers in their promising outset bid fair to follow the upward flight of their father's.

Mr. Lee was born in Charleston, S. C., and came to Boston over 30 years ago, where he achieved fame as the inventor of the breadmaking and bread-crumbling machine. He owned several large hostellries, among which looms especially conspicuous the Squantum Inn, and the Woodlawn Park Hotel in Auburndale. As a proprietor of restaurants and a catering establishment at various periods in his career he became well known.

St. Mark's Literary, which he served as treasurer for many years, owes to him, and the general respect and confidence which he inspired, its position as a race institution in Boston.

The Bachbens, Boston's exclusively Colored society organization, of which he was president at the time of his death, acted as ushers and pallbearers at the funeral. Many of his intimate friends attended the ceremony, and elaborate floral offerings spoke of the great esteem in which the deceased was held. Business associates expressed their sympathy by sending a delegation of 20 from their numbers. Among them were Messrs. C. M. Ryder, Rich and Mathews, J. A. Pryor and H. A. Hovey.

We have received a pamphlet from Dr. A. C. McClellan, surgeon-in-charge of the Hospital and Training School for Nurses of 135 Cannon street, Charleston, S. C., in which the aims of the institution are briefly outlined.

A thorough education in such knowledge will fit the student for the splendid, and humane task of caring for the sick and poor, in and outside of the hospital, is the chief purpose of the institution. The course of two years, following one month of probation, embraces a variety of studies and practice, which will prove most interesting to the applicants.

**Sly Little Willie.**

Mother: How is it, that you bring me back the two cents I gave you to buy a stamp? Didn't you mail my letter?

Little Willie: "Sure, mamma, but I dropped it in the box while the postmaster was looking the other way."

**Friends.**

Ida (to admirer who just proposed for 'steenth time): You can do me a favor.

He: With all my heart.

Ida: Engage yourself with my friend Ada and then marry me, so she'll get real mad.

Whom liberty does not ennable it corrupts.

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## THE BALLOT AS A WHIP

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BY HORACE BUMSTEAD.

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Mr. Horace Bumstead, D. D., lately president of Atlanta University, has expressed his views on the political situation in a strong article, which we reproduce here at length, by kind permission of the editor of the New York "Independent":

A good many years ago Mr. George W. Cable, in addressing an audience of Colored people, said (I quote from memory): "Do not let any political party feel that they are always sure of your vote, nor let any party feel that they can never get your vote." This was good advice, and it begins to look as though the time was at hand when it would be acted upon by the Negroes of this country more extensively than ever before since emancipation.

It was most natural that the newly freed and newly enfranchised Negro should for many years vote almost solidly for the party which had given him his freedom and the ballot. Not only gratitude, but the hope of further protection of his rights would impel him to do this, and both of these have been worthy motives.

But what is the situation today? For years the Republican party has been showing a diminishing disposition to do anything for the protection of the Negro, and an increasing acquiescence in the placing of disabilities upon him by unfriendly hands. The case has been aggravated by the fact that the Negro has not asked for special legislation in his interest, as for a race that wanted to be petted and coddled, but simply for the protection of his ordinary rights of citizenship, as conferred upon him by law, and especially by the war amendments to the United States Constitution, which were secured by the Republican party. Not only has the party as a whole failed in recent years to do anything to preserve his rights, but the most

conspicuous and influential Republican leaders have made it clear, either by published utterances or significant silence, that they have no present intention of doing anything. Instead of deeds they are giving him pleasant words about being patient and waiting for time to give him relief, and intimating more or less plainly that hereafter he must work out his own salvation.

Conspicuous among these leaders is the most prominent Republican candidate for the presidential nomination, Secretary Taft, a man possessing an unusual equipment in many ways for the presidential office. But he has been a conspicuous representative of the do-nothing policy as regards the Negro. He has even condoned the disfranchisement of the Negro in the South, and called it "a step forward," because not so bad as "open violence." He has endeavored to build up "Lily White" Republicanism in the South, involving the virtual exclusion of the Negro from party counsels in that section, and has spoken to Southern audiences about the Negroes as "a class of persons so ignorant and so subject to oppression and misleading that they are merely political children, not having the mental stature of manhood," adding that "their voice in the government (even when not suppressed) secures no benefit to them."

And then there is the Brownsville affair and the joint responsibility of Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt for the dismissal of the colored soldiers. That it was a joint responsibility is clear from Secreary Taft's report in December, 1906, in which he elaborately defends the President's action as just and necessary, and also reveals the fact that the President's order was preceded by and based upon his own (the War Department's) con-

currence in General Garlington's recommendation that the soldiers be dismissed.

Whatever the truth may be as regards the soldiers' guilt or innocence, the Negro citizen has the same reason for condemning their dismissal, the innocent with the guilty (if, indeed, there were any guilty)—the same reason that many good white people all over the country are finding. And this regardless of the question of color. If, because the soldiers were all colored, the Negro suspects that there was race prejudice behind the dismissal, and finds confirmatory evidence of it in the records of those responsible for the dismissal, and so shows resentment, he is not acting irrationally even if he reasons incorrectly. If it had been a regiment of Germans or Irishmen, such as we had in the Civil War, race pride and resentment would have been no less quick to assert themselves.

The situation confronting the Negro today, then, seems to be this: The Democratic party has robbed him of his rights. The Republican party has acquiesced and refuses to help him. Neither party has any claim on him for support on racial grounds. Whatever debt of gratitude he owed the Republican party has long since been paid. If both parties have sinned against him, the one by oppression and the other by abandonment, he has reason for regarding the Republican party as the greater sinner, being the one responsible for his freedom and enfranchisement, and the one to which he has given a generation of support.

If the Negro finds in this situation good ground for using the ballot as a whip, to be laid on the back of the greatest sinner of the two parties, he has many good precedents to justify his action. Massachusetts and New York have repeatedly elected Governors by a similar use of the ballot, and Presidents of the United States have been elected in the same way. The English "suffragettes" are today seeking to punish the Liberal party on the same principle. Indeed, there are few elections where the purpose of punishing somebody—a party, a faction, a candidate—does not find a place

among the mixed motives of the voters.

And it is an entirely legitimate motive in certain political crises. The rebuke of wrong-doing is sometimes more important than the approval of well-doing. The defeat of false political friends may sometimes be worth while, even at the cost of supporting declared political enemies. If the Negroes of the doubtful Northern States should help to defeat Taft and elect Bryan, no one would misinterpret the meaning of their vote. The Republicans would not be likely to let such a thing happen a second time. The Democrats would concede much to retain their new allies.

The Negro is freer today from all party obligations than he has ever been before, and there are two lines of action on which he may legitimately use his freedom. First, he may use the ballot as a whip to secure from one party or another the rights of which he has been unjustly deprived. In this he would be making his primary object the self-protection of his race from aggressive wrong. He would not be drawing, objectionably, a color line in rallying the members of his race for this purpose—he would be seeking escape from the color line of which he has been made an unwilling victim. If the ballot of universal or general suffrage means anything for the self-protection of suffering or endangered classes in a State, it means that Negroes may with the same propriety use the ballot as a whip for the guarding of their civil and political rights as Jews or Germans or Irishmen might for the same purpose, or as manufacturers might use it to protect their industries, or laborers to protect their labor. And of all the interests for which the ballot is supposed to afford protection to the weak, none are more fundamental or more sacred than civil and political rights.

But some Negroes agree with those of their white friends who discourage agitation for their rights and advise the policy of patience and waiting for their rights to come to them by and by. Does it follow that such Negroes must therefore vote the Republican ticket at the next election? By no

means. They have discharged their debt of gratitude to that party. If, then, they are to eliminate the motive of racial self-protection, why should they not choose between the parties as all other people choose—judging men and measures and policies on their merits and voting accordingly? Why may not Negroes have diverse opinions on the tariff, the currency, the regulation of trusts, socialism, and territorial expansion, as well as white people? They do have such diverse opinions far more extensively than people believe; but the solid South and the increasingly unsympathetic North have created a situation that has prevented their free expression. If, then, some Negroes decide that they do not care to use the ballot as a whip to safeguard their rights, let them still remember that they are free to vote (wherever they have a vote) like all other men, and to choose between parties according to their best judgment.

Hitherto Southern Democrats have feared a solid Negro vote in the South and so have suppressed it; and Northern Republicans have felt so sure of a solid Negro vote in the North that the suppression of that vote in the South has given them little or no concern. If, in the coming election, the Negroes act on Mr. Cable's advice, as they now seem likely to do, it cannot but have a very salutary influence both in the North and the South.

Brookline, Mass.

At Lexington, Ky., the local committee is making preparations to house and entertain the National Baptist convention of the United States of America, which will gather in July. Not less than 5000 Baptists are expected; they will meet in the Commercial club's auditorium, kindly opened to the convention by this body. The Rev. E. W. Hawthorne is chairman of the local committee.

#### ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Our misfortunes often bring us a number of so-called "friends" as an additional insult.

Often, when people exclaim: "Oh, I wish I were dead," they are only wishing for a new life.

Rich uncle (speaking of his solicitous relatives): There now, look how they're all wishing for me to die! They have given me not less than three automobiles for Christmas presents.

## A Woman's Privilege.

—:o:—  
By F. A. GROOM.

The rector's daughter was in a hurry. She had been cataloguing the school library books, and time had slipped away quicker than she thought for.

Then, as ill-luck would have it, the squire caught sight of her as she was taking a short-cut through the glebe meadow, and made haste to overtake her. It was certainly not a favorable moment to broach the subject of his feelings and wishes, but he was resolved to take advantage of the very next opportunity that offered, and this was the next opportunity.

Accordingly, without any beating about the bush, he asked her pat out to marry him.

"Certainly not," was her answer. She was hot and tired; and, yes, a little cross.

The squire's face fell.

"You don't care enough for me, I suppose?"

She shrugged her shoulders by way of reply.

"I'm not a bit clever, I know," he pursued, "but I'd do my best to make you happy. And I do love you awfully. I always have, you know, Sophie."

Yes, Sophie did know. And maybe it was because she was so sure of his devotion that she was inclined to rate it lightly.

"I have no wish to marry," she declared.

"I would wait," he cried, eagerly; "I would be willing to wait as long as you wish."

"But I don't wish at all in the matter and Sophie gave her parasol a petulant twirl. The sun poured down fiercely, and she would be late for dinner. It was horribly inconsiderate of Phillip to detain her like this.

"I wouldn't interfere with anything you wanted to do," Phillip assured her. "Do say yes, dear."

But the girl shook her head.

"I can't. It's quite impossible," she rejoined.

"Perhaps if you were to consider a little you would. You might change your mind then."

"I never change my mind," retorted she.

"Then it's no good my saying anything more?"

"No good at all."

"If you do think better of it, though, you'll let me know, won't you?"

"If I do, oh yes. Good-bye," and she nodded and turned away, evidently glad to go.

Phillip stood and watched her as she moved quickly along the path, and through the gate that led into the rectory paddock, and so out of sight. And he sighed dolorously more than once. He was young and rich, and stood over six feet in his socks. But neither youth nor money nor comeliness counted for much just now, seeing the one thing he longed for—viz., Sophie's love—he could not obtain.

"I'm such a duffer where brains comes in," he remarked sadly to himself. "And she knows such a lot about everything. Of course, she despises me," and he stalked slowly and mournfully back to the hall.

There were other women doubtless who would have been pleased to become mistress of his home. But the rector's daughter was the only one whom he should ever ask to reign there, and she declined the honor.

Another sigh, more profound than many of its predecessors, escaped him as he turned in the lodge gates.

Sophie was a very busy person. She prided herself, indeed, upon be-

ing always occupied, and on more than one occasion had expressed to the squire her opinion that he took life and his responsibilities far too easily.

During the latter days of summer, however, Sophie seemed not quite herself. She would fall a-thinking, and her fingers would remain idle the while, which behavior certainly was not in accordance with her usual industrious habits.

Then in the autumn she went up to London to spend a week with a friend. And the second morning of her stay came a letter from her sister Celia containing disastrous news.

"Phillip Ardley has been badly hurt," ran the letter, "and they don't know whether he will recover. It was saving Mrs. Pratt's little girl—the pretty curly-haired one—who had got on the railway line at the level crossing. Phillip was shooting in the fields by the railway and saw her, and a train coming, too. He shouted to her, but she didn't hear or understand. So he jumped down onto the line and got hold of her and threw her on the bank. But the train caught him, and his arm is broken, and his leg hurt, and his face and head cut badly. It was awfully plucky of him. But father says though he is quiet he can always be depended on to do things. Won't it be dreadful if he dies?"

\* \* \*

The rector and his younger daughter were sitting at tea that afternoon when Sophie walked in.

"It was so horribly foggy in London, I felt I should be suffocated if I stayed a day longer," she explained in answer to the astonished exclamations of her appearance.

"Tea? Yes, please, Celia, I'll have some before I go upstairs."

"Have you heard the sad news of Phillip?" inquired the rector.

Sophie lifted her hand to draw out her hatpins.

"He's no worse, is he? Celia told me in her letter of the accident."

"No, he's no worse; just the same, poor fellow."

Youth and a good constitution enabled the squire to make a good fight for life—a fight that in the end was

successful. He recovered but slowly, however.

"I have just had a talk with Dr. Newton about Phillip," said the rector one day. "He says his injuries were so severe; of course it will take him long to get well. But further, he seems hardly to care whether he recovers or not. He wants rousing, evidently."

"Is he downstairs yet?" asked Sophie.

"He is to be carried down tomorrow. I daresay his helplessness depresses him."

A couple of days later Sophie donned her outdoor clothes and went out. Her goal was the Hall.

Peter, the old gray-headed butler, looked dubiously at her when she said she wanted to see his master.

"I'm not sure, Miss, whether he'll see anyone," he said hesitatingly.

Sophie was pale, but resolute.

"I think he will see me. I'm sure he will. You needn't announce me. He's in the study, isn't he?" and before the astonished retainer could raise objection, the girl slipped past him, and with fleet feet traversed the wide hall and opened the study door.

A big sofa was drawn up close to the fire, and on it was Phillip.

He lay back against his pillows with his eyes shut, and as Sophie noiselessly approached she had opportunity of noting what a change illness had wrought in him—such sunken cheeks, such hollow temples, and a big scarlet mark down one side of his face.

She had gained the couch now and spoke.

"I'm glad you are better," she said, and despite her efforts her voice shook a little.

He opened his eyes with a start.

"Sophie, is it really you?" he said.

"Me! Of course it is," she rejoined, and laughed because she was afraid she might cry.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to see you," he said, and now his tone was formal and polite. "Will you not sit down? I am sorry I cannot get a chair."

"I prefer to stand," she said, then suddenly burst out: "I want to take

advantage of my woman's privilege."

He looked at her without speaking, and his face twitched.

"It is a woman's privilege you know," she went on, in desperate hurry, "to change her mind."

Still he did not speak, but a faint color crept into his white cheeks.

"Oh! don't you understand?" she cried, with scarlet face. "You asked me to marry you, and I said no then. But now——"

She broke off in a very agony of shame and humiliation. Perhaps he didn't want her now, perhaps he had seen somebody else since whom he liked better. Then he put out his left hand—his right arm was still in splints—and laid hold of hers.

"You say this because you pity me?"

"I do pity you, but that isn't why."

"Why, then?"

Her eyes fell before his.

"Why, then?" he asked again. "I don't want to win my wife through pity."

"Oh! it isn't pity, it isn't pity!" she cried, wildly.

"What is it, then?" he asked, and drew her nearer. And his tone and his action were masterful.

She fell onto her knees by the couch and dropped her head down on his shoulder.

"It is love, Phillip," she whispered, low, but not too low for him to hear.  
—London S. S. Times.

#### LACK OF EVIDENCE.

Hiram Abercrombie, the host of "Ye Olde Inne," was summoned to court, charged with selling foodstuffs in an advanced state of decomposition, thus violating the pure food laws, and endangering the precious public health. Hiram was set in his ways, and resented all innovations. He had been particularly antagonistic to the new pure food laws.

When he entered the courtroom, the village grocer and the village butcher, summoned as witnesses, coldly returned his jovial greeting. The article which he had sold, so much to his detriment, lay on the bench before the

Judge; it was a sausage of doubtful composition and evidently of venerable old age.

"Hiram Abercrombie," sternly demanded the judge, "did you sell this sausage to Mrs. Blank?"

"Sure, yer honor, mebbe I did so," replied the blithesome host of "Ye Olde Inne."

"And were you not aware that this sausage was in an advanced stage of decomposition, and in this condition was a menace to the health of the purchaser?" continued the judge.

"Why, they ain't nothin' bad 'bout that there sassidge," vehemently retorted friend Hiram, while he gingerly advanced towards the judge's bench. "There ain't nothin' th' matter with that there foodstuff, your honor, nor is she 'jurious to nobody's health," here he laid hands on the sausage, and flourished it triumphantly.

"Now, I tell your honor," here Hiram thrust one end of the sausage into his capacious mouth, "Now, I tell your honor, this here sassidge ain't nowhere's near dec'mposed." He took another generous mouthful. "And whomever says so, your honor, has never tasted of this here sassidge, nor been able to judge, your honor, if it warn't good nor nohow." With a final gulp he had swallowed the last morsel of the sausage, and that before the judge had had time to recover sufficiently from his amazement to break into Hiram's flow of argument.

The corpus delicti gone, there was no evidence on which to convict Hiram Abercrombie, whom the judge discharged after a severe reprimand as a warning against future depredations. Friend Hiram went home in ecstasy, but before reaching "Ye Olde Inne" his insides began to feel queer, and blue white tints showed around his generally purple nose. No sooner had he reached the charitable seclusion of his barroom, and set himself in the nearest chair, than he summoned his wife, who anxiously questioned him as to the result of his trial.

The mention of his victory revived Hiram some. "They couldn't make me nothin', Samanthy," he gasped. "I et that goldarned sassidge till they warn't nothin' left to git a

passin' mortal idee on foodstuffs from." He gasped and hiccupped. "Now, jest run, Samanthy, an' git me that bottle of rye and a tall glass. Guess that'll settle me stummick some."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

### THE GIRLS.

Hear the laughter of the girls—  
Pretty girls!  
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip  
unfurls!  
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,  
In the balmy air of night!  
While the stars that over-spatter  
All the heavens hear their clatter  
In a soft and mild delight;  
In a sorter-kinder rhyme,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
To the tintinabulation that, unceasing,  
ever purrs  
From the girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls,  
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty  
girls.

See the flirting of the girls,  
Radiant girls!  
Through the mazes of the ball,  
Up and down the stately hall!  
How he skippeth to and fro,  
And perspires!  
Would that we could tell the idiot all  
we know  
Of the fires  
Into which the false one hurls  
Each new victim—see the flames, how it  
swirls!  
How it curlz!  
How it curlz!  
Better far that they were churlz,  
Than fall victims to the girls,  
To the prattle and the rattle  
Of the girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls—  
To the sacking and heart-racking of the  
girls!

—St. Louis Times.

### CALIFORNIA.

#### Part I.

California is one of the largest states of the Union. It occupies more than one-half of our Pacific coast in that section. Its area is 158,360 square miles. There is only one state in the Union that is larger than California, and that state is Texas. It is more than three times as large as Pennsylvania or New York and nearly two and a half times as large as all the New England states combined.

California has a coast line of nearly 1000 miles. It is longer than that of any other state except one. The coast

is bold and rocky, with but few marked indentations or good harbors. The wind blows almost constantly from the ocean and the fogs make navigation along the coast dangerous.

San Francisco bay is fifty miles long and its greatest width is about 12 miles. The only landlocked harbor north of San Francisco is Bumboldt bay, 230 miles distant. It is 14 miles long and from one to four miles wide.

#### Part II.

San Pedro and Tomales bays also afford well protected harbors. There is one channel that separates the Santa Barbara Islands from the mainland. The Farallone Islands are 30 miles west of San Francisco, are the home of innumerable sea fowl on the southernmost of this group is a noted lighthouse. Its light is 360 feet above sea level. There are many other well known lights on the coast. California has some of the best of the world. Come, Come, Come to California.

ASHLEY JONES.

The Buxton Gazette, Buxton, Iowa, Rev. L. DeMond, editor, is taking on new features and becoming a national newspaper. It is now running an original serial story, "The Mystery of the Tow Path," by Mr. Hanson Best, one of its own special contributors and also has been a regular Washington correspondent.

#### "THE BROWNSVILLE INCIDENT— 1906.

Have you seen the picture?  
Get one! Why?

Briefly described it tells at a glance the whole story of the Brownsville incident.

The picture may be described as follows: Occupying a conspicuous place in the right background may be seen the dome of the Capitol at Washington, at the foot of the steps in heroic size is seen the figure of Senator Joseph Benson Foraker holding up

the scales of Justice in his right hand. Below, and to the left, two other figures appear, the one nearest the Senator with outstretched hands is the soldier figure of Sergeant Mingo Sanders, twenty-eight years in the United States Army—on the plains—in Spanish America, in the Philippines, during all of which time his record was faultless from every point of view—yet "discharged without honor," is written on the document he holds in his hand. Further, and to the left, stands Labor, symbolized in an attitude of commendation of the characteristic service rendered by Senator Foraker for the soldier no less than in labor's own behalf.

Every lover of justice should get this picture which so graphically portrays a most memorable event in our military history.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Address:—

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1328 T St., NW., Washington, D. C.  
Prices—postal card size, 5 cts. a piece, or 50 cts. a dozen. Picture, 8x10, 25 cts. a piece, or \$2.50 a dozen, sent prepaid. Special terms to agents upon application. Address as above.

#### "BABY BIRDIE'S PRAYER."

Is the name of a new, very delightful and pleasing home song and chorus, composed by Jane A. Havens.

This is certainly one of the sweetest home songs ever published. It is especially suitable and adapted for the home, church and choir use.

Chorus.

Sunlight reflects now that sweet cherub kneeling,  
With hands like twin snowflakes,  
still clasping in prayer,  
And the soft fall of blossoms, like angel hands, stealing  
To the bow'd head, bedecking her bright golden hair;  
And those liquid blue eyes, with diamond drops clinging  
To the long, sweeping lashes of this wandering elf,  
As she whispered her prayer with such trusting devotion,  
'Please, God, save poor papa, for he can't save himself.'

The regular retail price of this song is 50 cents per copy. Our readers will receive a copy postpaid by sending 10 cents in silver or postage stamps to The Globe Music Co., 1155 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—For church entertainments or church socials, twenty-one beautiful moving-picture slides can be obtained for this song by addressing the publishers.

#### HOUSEKEEPING AND COOKING.

**Veal Cutlets with Ham**—Purchase two veal cutlets; on one place a slice of ham; cover with the second cutlet. Place in a roasting pan and cook until tender in an oven, hot at first, to sear the meat, but lowered to moderate heat. The gravy will be delicious.

**Chinese Balls**—Melt one pound of cheese in a saucepan, and half tablespoon butter and half cup cream; when thoroughly mixed add one cup English walnut meats, blanched and chopped, and a dash of paprika. Pour into a dish, and when partly hard form into little balls with butter paddles. Prepare them the day before they are to be served.

**Bran Gems**—Butter size of an egg, three-fourths cup brown sugar or one-half cup sour milk, one cup flour, two cups bran. A little salt. Teaspoonful soda dissolved in warm water, one cup currants. Bake about 20 minutes.

**Bran Bread**—One quart clean bran, one pint white flour, one pint sweet milk, six ounces New Orleans molasses, one egg, two teaspoons bicarbonate of soda. Bake in gem tins.

**Tomato Salad**—Cut five round tomatoes of uniform size in halves. Scoop out the pulp without breaking the skins. To a half cupful of cold diced tongue, add the tomato pulp and juice, one-fourth saltspoonful salt, enough to cover the tip of the spoon of cayenne, teaspoonful olive oil and juice of half a lemon. Fill the tomato skins and set on ice. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

To prevent raisins or currants in cake from dropping to the bottom of the pan first put a little of the dough into the pan and then put in the cake mixture to which the fruit, well floured, has been added.

#### SEWING.

##### A Time Saving Device.

If you like to change your dress shields frequently, but dislike the time it takes, try this method:

Sew on each end of the shield one half of a dress snap and on your corset cover, to correspond, the other half. When you want to wear a fresh pair of shields all you have to do is to "snap" them in place. It is as quickly and easily done as fastening your glove. They stay as firmly as though sewed, and they do not rust or tear out as when pinned. Always get your shields of one size, so that any pair of shields will fit any corset cover. After you have the dress snaps once sewed in your trouble of changing shields is ended. It will take little more time than getting a fresh handkerchief.

#### CARE OF CHILDREN, SANITATION, ETC.

##### Sore Finger.

When a finger has been pinched if it is at once immersed in boiling water the inflammation will be quickly allayed.

##### Restless Babies.

When a child is restless from teething it can often be quieted by giving it a warm bath, as hot as the baby can endure. Do not allow the child to stay in too long, or weakness will follow.

#### HINTS TO WOMEN.

Nothing is daintier for the dining room than the candle, especially in summer if artificial light is needed. Pretty shades can be made easily at small cost.

Buy the wire frames and make close fitting covers of linen colored pongee, stenciling conventional designs on the four sides.

Another pretty affair is a shade of white linen, also fitted to the wire frame, and finished at the bottom with a narrow frill of valenciennes lace. To make the linen shades more elaborate a little hand embroidery may be added.

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